

What's'er God will, let that be done,
His will is ever wisest;
His grace will all thy hope outrun,
What to that faith赤ish,
The gracious Lord,
Will help afford;
He chastens with forbearance;
Who God believes,
And to him cleaves,
Shall not be left despairing.

My God is my sure confidence,
My life and my existence;
His counsel is beyond my sense,
But stirs no weak resistance;
His word declares
The very facts
Upon my head are numbered;
His mercy large
Holds me in charge
With care that never slumbered.

There comes a day, when, at his will,
The pulse of nature ceases;
I think upon it and am still;
Let come whate'er he pleases,
To him I trust
My soul, my dust,
When flesh and spirit sever,
The Christ we sing
Has plucked the sting
Away from death forever.

THE MAN OUT OF HIS PLACE.

Coming home late one evening, I met Dr. Saul at the door, radiant. "I've done a good stroke of work this week, Lathrop. Found a situation for Ben Pilley."

"In town?"

"Yes. Why not."

"What same human being would ever tether Ben Pilley in a town?"

The doctor's countenance fell, but he recovered himself.

"You're hungry, Tom, and cross. Supper's waiting. Now—after he had seated himself and unfolded his napkin—it was the merest chance of luck! I heard of a clerkship vacant in the Pennsylvania Central Railroad office; remembered that the Pilleys were hard up—"

"As usual."

"As usual—and nailed the place for Ben."

"You don't mean to say you would put Pilley in a railroad office."

"It is pegasus in cart-harness, sure enough," said my wife scornfully. "In his own profession my cousin Benjamin ranks as one of the first astronomers in the country. Among the young men, of course."

"Certainly, certainly," said the doctor, deprecatingly. "The position is, I know, a miserable makeshift for a man of Mr. Pilley's learning. But it was a case of—well, bread and butter, madam, to state the thing plainly. The Pilleys, since Ben lost his school, really have been in that condition that—finishing the sentence by a solemn draught of coffee and shake of the head."

"The question is not the fitness of the office to Ben, but Ben's fitness for the office," I said. "Railroad work demands, as I understand it, above all other things, promptitude and accuracy."

"Benjamin will probably fulfill any obligation into which he may enter," said my wife, coldly. "My family usually do."

Now, the Pilleys hang on the very outermost branches of Mellicent's family tree. But the doctor and I made no reply. We knew what it was to touch the root or twig of that sacred growth.

"I only hope that he may not lose the chance," said Saul anxiously. "He was due here two days ago."

"Ben is dilatory, I confess," said Mel, with an awkward laugh and a glance at me. "But when he sees the necessity of punctuality in business matters he can acquire it. Anybody can do that."

"I thought you liked Pilley, Lathrop," said the doctor, uneasily.

"Liking is hardly the word. My feeling for Ben has a far off resemblance to that which I had for Mellicent here in our old days of courtship. I learned to know him tolerably well when we went out fishing together during last summer. I never knew a sweeter moral nature. I never received from any man so many glimpses of noble thought or high intuition. His wife is admirably suited to him too. She is a gleam of sunshine to any shady place."

"I never really saw all that in Ben," said my wife, turning against themselves for some unaccountable reason. "He's clever enough I grant you. There's a tradition in the family, though, that he was born a day too late, and has never caught up with the lost time. He even put off taking all childish diseases until he was grown. Why, last fall the absurd creature had the thrush—the thrush! And as for his wife, of all the incapable, indolent—I can hear everything about that woman Dr. Saul, but her folded hands and good humor, but that drives me frantic. Sunshine!"

"You'll have them in Pontefract's Woods as neighbors. I took No. 320 for them," said Saul. "You can look upon the whole family as missionary ground, and go to work on it. Pilley will bring them up in a week or two, I suppose."

"At least I'll attend to having the house set in order for them." The doorbell rang at that moment and her face changed. "There they are! That is Susan Pilley's gurgle of a laugh if she's alive, and all the children, as usual, talk at once."

We rose in confusion and followed her. Now Mel's heart would warm to a Thug if he came as a guest. I was not at all surprised to find her with a swarm of young Pilley's clinging to her, while she laughed and kissed and hugged their mother with the sincerest affection. "So good in you to surprise us this way, Susie!" speculating meanwhile in her eye as to where in this box of a house they were to sleep.

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"What about the work when you reach the office?"

"Oh! it's a mere bagatelle," indifferently. "Plenty of time for study. I found a treatise by Van Shurz, by the way, in the Philadelphia library, that I've wanted for years."

"What do you think?" said Saul, anxiously, after he had gone out.

"As I did at first. It was a mistake."

"They would have starved if I had not brought him here."

The Deaf-Blind's Journal

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME V.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1876.

NUMBER 13.

but he said no. He would bring the whole family and show you all that he could act with decision and promptly—for once," with the usual accompaniment of a laugh.

"But where is Ben?"

"Oh, he lost one of the checks, for the largest trunk, I believe, and those stupid baggage people would make a difficulty. So he sent us before him. Here he comes," as Ben, tall and thin as ever, and with the usual appearance of having just been blown by a violent wind into an excited good humor, came in.

"God bless you, boys!" seizing the old Doctor's hand and mine. I melted at the first touch. There certainly never was a fellow as gentle and genuine as Pilley. Mellicent, when he turned to her, gave him a mother's kiss. Her keen eyes had already seen the patches on his coat, and that Susan and the children, July as it was, were still perspiring in their winter clothes. The water stood in her eyes, with all their keenness.

"Now, could anything be better than this?" cried Ben, flinging hat and valise in one corner.

"All here together once more! I had

no hope of seeing the doctor to-night. I tell you, doctor, that offer of yours was a plank to the drowning man. I had well-nigh gone under. And you're just at supper! We're always just-in time, Sue. Here, Joe and Jim and Molly," tickling them off with enormous slices of bread and jam. "We're all half-starved—forgot somehow to bring lunch."

"What about the lost trunk?" interrupted Mellicent.

"Oh, it will turn up sometime. I put the matter into the hands of a cabman down there, an honest and reliable looking fellow. I couldn't stay all night. What became of the check is the mystery. I did not put it into the unlucky pocket, Sue."

His wife laughed, giving the baby a lump of sugar.

"Eh! How's that, Pilley?"

"A pocket of mine out of which nothing comes at the right season. Cost us dear, though, lately. You heard of the chance I lost in A—College? No! Vacant chair of astronomy and natural sciences. Why, Saul," energetically, "their observatory I consider equal to that of any in the country. They've one lens there which a man would give years of his life for the chance of using."

"Was the professorship offered to you?"

"Yes. The most absurd mistake! The Trustees wrote to me making the proposition, and of course accepted. It was one of the heaviest trains usually. Break off some flowers, Lathrop, and have them ready for your wife, while I—Here, Sam!" to a colored boy lounging on the grass, "run off to the village for some ice-cream. Fly, you rascal! She'll be thirsty with the heat and dust," turning to me.

This was all years ago, but I often waken still at nights with the cold sweat of terror on my face, from dreaming that I am standing again on the dimly-lighted platform, breaking the fragrant syringa-bunches from the bush, and watching Ben with an amused pleasure as he burstled to and fro.

"Have you a carriage?" coming up to me at the moment the telegraph operator put a dispatch in his hand.

"Station No. 15. Five minutes late. Well!" with puzzled look and then crumpling it up, and thrusting it into his waistcoat pocket. "Did you say you had no carriage? There is a cabman here that I know. I'll just run around the corner."

"But your dispatch?" I said, uneasily.

"That's nothing! I'll look into it in a minute." He ran off like a boy, was gone a short time and returned, bringing a slouching Irishman cracking his whip. "Here he is. Bring your carriage up, Pete. The train is due now."

At that moment the New York express, heavily laden, went thundering by on its way to Baltimore. I stood watching idly how the line of figures in the windows made a long whisk of color against the night, when the sound of a sudden, inarticulate effort for breath made me turn to Ben. He was looking after the cars, holding the open dispatch in his hand. Something in his face told me the whole truth. Yet I was calm as any usually are when death meets them face to face on the highway.

"What have you done?"

"I did not read all the dispatch."

I took it. It was from the train on which my wife was to come. "Station No. 15. Five minutes late! Keep track clear!"

"I ought to have stopped the New York express at the station before this one. They will meet ten miles down the road."

"You can telegraph now."

"There is no station between this and No. 15."

He turned to the Superintendent, who came out of his office and gave him the dispatch, saying quietly: "I neglected to stop the New York train. You see what I have done." And then he followed me down the road. I remember how I heard behind us a sudden outcry of men's voices and then an awful hush, as the comprehension of what was to come, that could not be helped, struck them dumb. I remember dully understanding, too, that they were sending to the city for help and surgeons. Some of the

officials passed us in a few moments, driving furiously.

I walked on down the road and Ben followed me. Some laborers from about the station came up alongside of us.

"If it ud been daylight," said one in a subdued tone, "there might 'a' been a chance; but at night—"

"An' both express, and going at full speed—"

After that they were silent, hurrying on beside us. The night was dark. We came at last to where the road made a sudden bend around a hill, below which a creek glistened in the fog. On the other side of the bend we heard a sound of horses tramping.

"It's the buggies of the men as rode down," said one of the Irishmen. "The tramps have met beyond."

They went on. I stopped, I do not know for how long, holding my face against the clay cut in the hill. I remember groping with one hand, and thinking I had a woman's hair in it or a child's. Presently I crept around the bend and down the road.

There, on the side, lay a long train, the engine snorting and puffing—drowsy, but composed, women's faces peering out of every window. From one of the first Millieent looked curiously, and Sandy beat on the glass with his hands. Groups of men were standing along the road, all talking at once.

"Jake Redmund's on the engine this run," said a brakeman in a crowd near, "and that's all that saved us. Jake sees the light of 'other train turnin' the hill, and switches back. He hadn't an inch to spare, sir! Jake's got the best eye and hand on this road, and he'll be promoted for to-night's work."

If the company don't take account of this night's work of Jake's it's a great shame. Both them trains saved! God help us! here's one man that appears to be dead!" stooping to lift a body from the muddy track. As he turned it up to the lamp-light I saw Ben's thin face and half-open mouth.

"Pilley has been dismissed, from the service of the company," said Saul, from two or three.

"Of course."

"Then the company were exceedingly unjust," said Mellicent. "Ben never would have neglected a dispatch again, whoever might, that is certain. What does the company expect him to do—"

"I had no idea she was coming back so soon. Pontefract Woods has seemed dull and lifeless without her, especially to Susan. On the 23rd express, we—"

one of the heaviest trains usually. Break off some flowers, Lathrop, and have them ready for your wife, while I—Here, Sam!" to a colored boy lounging on the grass, "run off to the village for some ice-cream. Fly, you rascal! She'll be thirsty with the heat and dust," turning to me.

"There is poetic justice!" Mellicent said, with a triumphant nod to me.

"That Ben should be rewarded for selling his birthright for the mess of potage!" Though I was better pleased than she was, after all.

Ben Pilley holds rank now in the world of science, where business men or railroad kings would be looked on as but commoners or Pariahs. But he takes as keen delight in trout-fishing as ever, and in every what the old Ben to me.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor
HENRY WINTER STYLE, Foreign Editor.

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New Jersey Deaf-Mute Institution.

We learn from the Newark (N. J.) Daily Advertiser that the deaf and dumb bill was again brought up for consideration in the House on the 21st inst., and was virtually killed in that branch of the Legislature. This is indeed very discouraging to the people of that State, who are in favor of home instruction in preference to sending abroad for it. It may be the case that other States—but New York cannot possibly be one of them—have offered to provide accommodations for educating New Jersey's deaf-mutes. It may also be true that the bill, if it should become a law, would, for the construction of the necessary buildings, add a few cents per capita of taxation for the people to pay for one year; but for any State of the enlightenment and wealth of New Jersey to depend upon other States for educating her deaf and dumb for long succession of years, instead of taxing herself for one year or a few years a reasonable amount for the establishment of an Institution within her own borders, certainly has a strong appearance of being "penny wise and pound foolish." We have heretofore maintained that that State has always looked well to the educational interests of her speaking children, and we are loth to believe that the great mass of her people are so blind to their own interests that they will persist in sending their deaf and dumb away from their own domains to seek an education that might be procured more economically at home.

There is no other State in the Union possessing an equal amount of wealth and having so large a number of deaf-mutes, that has not already in successful operation a school of her own for educating them. Progression is visibly and indefinitely stamped upon the character of the whole American people, and it cannot be long before New Jersey will make better progress on the deaf and dumb bill than she has yet recorded. She cannot for many more years resist the tide of popular opinion, founded upon sound principles of common sense and diplomatic economy demanded by every true friend of the deaf and dumb—a demand pregnant with good financial policy.

The true friends of deaf-mutes—and every sensible citizen should be—will soon at the farthest insist upon the more economical plan of providing for their education at home.

New Jersey is a proud, plucky and wealthy State, abounding with schools, seminaries and colleges for educating her hearing sons and daughters in both the common school studies and the higher branches of learning, and it cannot be that she will much longer submit to the unwise policy of pouring so much of her taxes into the treasures of other States, for doing work which she could accomplish for herself at a much less expense. It is sincerely hoped that the Legislature will rise in its manhood, assert its dignity and pass a bill that will provide sufficient means to erect an institution that will afford ample and convenient accommodations for educating her own deaf-mutes—an institution that shall be worthy of the State which has heretofore sustained an enviable reputation of providing for the educational wants of her children.

The Kentucky Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

We have received a copy of the fifty-second annual report of the above Institution for the year 1875. This Institution is subject to the supervision of a Board of Commissioners, having a President, Secretary, Treasurer and Auditor. The officers of the Institution are Principal, J. A. Jacobs, four male and one female instructors, a librarian, matron, housekeeper and a physician.

The Board of Commissioners of course are happy to report the Institution in a highly prosperous condition, with a considerably increased number of pupils and all of its several departments in successful operation.

The report of the treasurer exhibits the finances of the Institution in a sound and healthful condition, the funds having been economically managed and the expenditures kept at all times strictly within the limits of the income.

They command the general management of the Institution, and add their testimony to the faithfulness and efficiency of the officers and teachers.

From the report of the Principal, we learn that the past year's history of the school has been one of almost uninterrupted prosperity and success. The total number of pupils in attendance was

87—44 males and 43 females, an increase of six over the number of the previous year. The number in attendance at the date of his report, (Nov. 13) was 91. The Principal expresses it as his opinion that the number of deaf-mutes in the State who are by various reasons deprived of education is fully equal to those who receive its benefits.

Under the guidance of a kind Providence, there were no deaths nor serious sickness among the pupils. During three-fourths of the term the hospital was vacant, and the few light cases of sickness that did occur readily yielded to medical treatment, kind care and good nursing.

The advancement of the pupils in education was encouraging but by no means all that could be desired. The officers and teachers are doing all that is possible to promote a higher standard of proficiency, and have begun the present term with a new organization of classes, a more systematic arrangement of the hours for study, and have introduced some text books and new methods of instruction. Books and methods adapted to the deaf and dumb are exceedingly important as aids in instructing, but they are only secondary, the first and most essential requisite being competent and faithful teachers. It is not sufficient that the teacher possesses the knowledge himself, but he must have the faculty to impart his knowledge to others.

The Principal commands his assistants for their suitability to fill their respective positions; of the services of the matron in her attentions to and care of the sick, her instruction of the girls in sewing, and her influence for good over both the girls and boys, he says: "I can- not speak too highly."

In the industrial department, the printing office has been enlarged, a new press has been purchased with additional apparatus, and five boys are making commendable progress in the art of type-setting and printing. A broom factory will soon be put in operation and the experiment tried with three or four boys, and if successful, another machine is recommended to be purchased and this trade to become a permanent feature of the Institution. The erection of a cooper shop is also recommended for the purpose of instructing boys in that trade. The trade is easily learned, and would be a profitable one for boys.

Some improvements are needed in the buildings of the Institution. The Institution has never been supplied with gas for lighting the building. There is also a great need for a better supply of water for use in case of fire. The immediate wants of the Institution are provision for lighting the building with gas, the means for obtaining a better supply of water, an additional teacher, and an extension of the accommodations of pupils. The physician, in his report, says: "The unusual good health of the school has marked the past year's experience." He also recommends lighting the building with gas instead of coal-oil as a *secondary precaution* against the development of certain diseases of the eyes. The summary of the treasurer's report shows the expenses for the school year of 1874-75, to be \$13,734.95. With the immediate outlay of expense for the improvement of the buildings of the institution asked by the principal, the deaf-mutes of Kentucky will not lack the facilities for both learning useful trades and acquiring liberal intellectual instruction.

The people of Kentucky are proverbially generous. All that is necessary in the present case is to show them the duty they owe to the deaf and dumb, and the latter class will have no reason to complain of any lack of abundant educational facilities.

The Centennial Convention.

We have little or nothing that is new about the project so recently talked over with such gusto. The Committee in Philadelphia have been working to obtain the use of the Institution building "first, last and all the time" for the accommodation of such of the deaf as might attend. They have not yet succeeded and it is doubtful if they do. Since the plan of the gathering is contingent upon the obtaining of the building, the chances are good for having no convention at all.

Homestead Lands.

A short time since we published the statement that deaf-mutes might avail themselves of the Homestead laws, and acquire homes of a hundred and sixty acres of government land. The Homestead Law is no new statute. It was passed by Congress many years ago, and many poor men have by that means become owners of profitable farms.

Thinking that perhaps some of our deaf-mute readers had never heard of such a law, we printed it for their benefit, and since then we have received inquiries from some of them in relation to the subject, which we will briefly answer below.

As near as we can learn, such Homestead land is principally located in the following named States, viz., Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, and several others. Some of the land is open prairie and some is timbered land. In some sections it is rolling—slightly hilly—and in others it is level or flat land. Part of it is well supplied with running water and some of it is very poorly furnished with water. The latter, of course, would not be as good for grazing as the former, while in many instances the latter is very good land for grain raising.

If several deaf-mutes wanted to get farms by the Homestead Act, they might get up a colony, and locate their land so that their farms would join each other. It is necessary for a man to live on the land five years, at the end of which time the Government gives him a warranty deed of it. Meantime he can work and improve it and have all he can make raising crops. Of course he must pay the taxes. The occupant must enter his claim at a land office in the State where he pre-empted his land. The Govern- ment

has much good land, besides much that is poor. A little tact is necessary in order to make a good selection, as it varies much in quality; nearness to railroads, markets and other conveniences.

If any of our readers should wish to pre-empt some of the Government land, we will furnish all the information we can get. A man going to locate a home should have from \$500 to \$1,000 if possible, and by using it judiciously, might have a good farm at the end of five years. Money is needed for starting as provisions must be bought the first summer till a crop can be raised, also to buy one or two yokes of working oxen, a few farming implements and necessary household utensils. Where timber is plenty and convenient a comfortable log-house can be built for from fifty to one hundred dollars, which would answer a very good purpose until the income from the land would warrant the settler in erecting buildings to his taste.

After all much depends upon the enterprise and economy of the settlers. Some would start with a capital of \$200, and in a few years become comfortably situated. Others might embark with a good fortune, and in a short time be hopeless bankrupts. We would neither advise any to go nor discourage them from doing so; every one must exercise his own judgment. It would not be well for a poor sickly man to undertake the project, while a hardy, resolute man might easily succeed. It would be a life that would require some "roughing." One who is successful generally in his business here, would probably be so anywhere; while another who is good to work, plucky and has a fair head for business would stand a very good chance to be a rich farmer in a few years.

Church Contributions.

There are few laborers on this earth more worthy of public benevolence and whole-souled charity than those of the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes.

From the statement of Mr. Van Nostrand, it appears that he was removed from his position of Principal of the Texas Deaf-mute Institution for political reasons.

We are personally acquainted with Mr. Van Nostrand, he having been our first teacher when we entered the old New York Institution on Fifth Street as pupil, and can certify to his upright character as a gentleman, and his efficiency and earnest zeal as an instructor of the deaf and dumb.

We venture to say that it will be a long time before the Texas Institution will have a principal that will discharge his duties as satisfactorily and capably as he has fulfilled them. We know nothing of the present case beyond what is shown by the subjoined card.

For the good of deaf-mute institutions, it is well that principals and teachers keep clear from politics. The laws of the land and of each State guarantee to every qualified voter his own choice of parties.

To remove a principal or teacher for being either a democrat or republican is carrying a joke farther than any honorable man would want to.

We are not informed as to the legal right of the State of Texas in conducting her charitable Institutions on political principles,

but even if they are "under the thumb"

of political managers, how absurd and ridiculous the idea of removing a competent and satisfactory principal or instructor of the deaf and dumb for voting

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BY MRS. M. CUTTING.

Written on witnessing the services in the Chapel of the Indiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

We saw them as their spirits bowed in prayer; Calm was each youthful brow, each thought,

Yet fervent supplications pierced the sky; And as the graceful fingers gently turned,

We knew that in each heart devotion burned,

We marked the tearful eye, the crimson cheek,

As from the deep recesses of the soul,

Well up the fond desires they might not speak,

Like secret springs which gush and spur con-

troul;

And as we looked in awe struck wonder there,

We felt, we knew, that this was truly prayer,

What tho' labored words may reach their ear,

What tho' in songs of praise they have no

part,

The still small voice of God they softly hear,

The name of Christ is music in each heart,

They love Him, and His chastening hand they

bless,

And may we ever pray, Oh, for a love like this.

M. S. C. B.

entirely new and elegant style, with the ground a deep black, showing the hands in white. The appearance is striking and much more distinct than the old style. In these cards, only the one-hand alphabet is shown; on the back, the purchaser, if he orders not less than 100, can have his name printed. Mr. Cullingsworth prefers selling only in quantities of 100 or 50; he has repeatedly refused orders for 500 or more, not wishing to encourage peddling.

To many of the readers of the JOURNAL Mr. Cullingsworth is already well known; to those to whom his name is not familiar, we will add that he is an accomplished wood-engraver, and was Treasurer of the Pennsylvania Clerical Memorial Association, which raised the second largest sum of any organization, being beaten by the Fanwood Literary Association by only about one dollar!

and now holds the positions of President of the Literary Association of the Philadelphia D. M. Mission, and Treasurer of the new Lodge of the Order of Elect Sards.

H. W. S.

Indiana Notes.

The Manual Alphabet for Hearing Persons.

Stepping into a book store the other day, while waiting for the volumes we desired, our eye caught an elegantly bound quarto volume lying on the shelf of new books. On taking it up we were surprised to find it entitled, "In the Kitchen," and its contents, a collection of recipes and other household lore, interleaved with writing paper for additional notes. It seemed far too dainty to lie on the kitchen table; its more appropriate place would be as an ornament to the boudoir table of the lady of the house. The author is Elizabeth S. Miller, of Boston, who dedicates it to the class in the "School of Cookery," one of the latest and best ideas of the Hub; the publishers are Lee and Shepard.

We know how to do justice to a good dinner, we should hope; the preparation, we are content to leave with the head of the "Department of the Interior;" and it requires a more vivid imagination than we can pretend to possess, to learn from directions how much to take of this, that, and the other thing, and what to do with them—how the whole will taste—no comments on the principal contents of the book need therefore be expected from us.

But as we turned over the leaves, we were amazed to see a cut of the single-hand manual alphabet! Had the fair author, we wondered, in her anxiety to diminish the proverbial excess of broils and jars between the lady and the "help," recalled Fitz Hugh Ludlow's (alas, too fanciful) assertion of the deaf-mute instinct, that

"Here no winged thought, unspoken In review fits past the heart, Till its sting is gently broken Ere its rapid wings depart."

Did she imagine that it would conduce to "health by good living," and to the quietness and contentment which the royal moralist, himself doubtless no mean epicure, declared far the best enjoyment, and of spending all the summer in the solemn vow of silence, and never exchange a word save on their fingers? Alas, who would wait to clear the dough from sticky fingers and spell out "w-r-e-t-c-h" or "s-t-o-o-p-i-d" when there was a handier vehicle for the expression of outraged sensibilities, at hand in the rolling-pin? No. The page is headed, "In the Sick Room;" and we quote—

Correspondent, Indianapolis, Ind., March 20, 1878.

Casual Notes from Rome.

The late equinoctial storm brought us a large supply of snow, which was subsequently increased by full four inches, making an aggregate of a foot. The material being moist, the sport of snowballing was indulged in by the pupils of the Institution to an extent suggestive of the fact that they did not expect much more of it during the present season. Not content with pelting each other, they would lie in wait for larger game, and the professor who showed himself was sure to be greeted with a shower of balls, to which he would sometimes condescend to respond in kind; but more frequently beat a hasty retreat, as remonstrances were vain. In the height of the sport, Prof. Seliney, coming through the girls' yard, in which nearly all the latter were engaged in the healthful and exhilarating exercise, suddenly found himself assailed on all sides. The soft, white lumps came in a perfect shower, and with tolerably good aim. The Professor, instead of running, stood his ground manfully against the great odds and fought his fair antagonists with their own weapons until they ceased from exhaustion. Then, with battered hat and a goodly quantity of snow inside of his vest and down his back, he walked away to repair damages. A brother professor and a dozen of the boys stood by and looked on, but were so absorbed in the battle that they forgot to do what they might easily have accomplished—diverted the attention of the girls by a few snowballs, and thus equalized things—a fact of which Prof. S. did not fail to take notice and comment upon.

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Prof. Johnson's neat little mare, Kitie, and his handsome cutter have been in constant use all winter, when the sleighing has been good—perhaps three-fourths of the time, and the turnout is known all over town as the Institution rig, although it is private property. We have no intention of giving any one a "puff," however well deserved; but we must add that we are pleased to know the cards engraved and printed by our friend, Mr. W. R. Cullingsworth, of Philadelphia, have been so well appreciated, that he has sold no less than 400,000 of them in the past three or four years. The style Mr. Cullingsworth has been issuing, have the single-hand alphabet on one side and the double hand one on the other. He is now preparing an

The Professor has lately purchased a bay horse, a large, fine and speedy animal, which he has named "Jack," and intends for his private use; Kitie being retained for the present, for the use of the ladies, for which purpose she is eminently fitted, being kind and gentle, and easily driven.

Miss H. A. Avery, with Mrs. Chandler and daughter, of Mexico, have now been in town for more than a week, and have contributed much to the pleasure of the inmates of the Institution, where they have spent a good deal of the time. Recent arrivals have swelled the number of pupils to sixty-four, and a few more will probably drop in shortly. There are many applications on file which cannot be granted until the opening of the fall term in September. Among the new arrivals is Miss Julia Whalen, a graduate of the High Class of the New York Institution, who comes here to finish her education. In the intervals of special studies, to which she intends to apply herself, Miss Whalen proposes to teach drawing, supplementary to the painting department, now under the charge of Mrs. Clara P. Johnson, whose pupils have already produced some very creditable specimens. Miss Whalen went through the classes, the other day, to ascertain how many of the pupils were desirous of taking drawing lessons, and quite a number of names were obtained. That evening, in the study rooms, there was a great demand for pictures to copy on slates or paper, and some very good work was done in that line, while there was, of course, much vain and fruitless effort. However, out of the material on hand, Miss Whalen, other things being equal, will doubtless form a class, which shall do credit to the instruction it receives.

A heavy and continuous rain, united with very mild weather, has reduced the snow to a very slushy state, and Profs. Seliney and Chamberlain, who board some distance from the Institution, are quite free with disrespectful remarks about those residents who have neglected to clean their sidewalks, and thus rendered the walking fearfully bad, while they breathe blessings every time they come in their walks, to a strip of bare, clean flagging.

The papers, we notice, are circulating the rumor that a "phantom dog" has been seen somewhere. The dogs of Rome are both numerous and saucy, and are by no means phantoms; but solid, effective flesh and blood and—teeth, as one of our professors can testify from actual experience. He would be glad, no doubt, to see phantom dogs supersede every other sort.

The party given in honor of Prof. Johnson's birthday, on the evening of the 15th inst., to which your correspondent, C. S. M., referred briefly in his last, was a pleasant occasion, and the photograph of his class attracted so much attention and was so much admired for its truthfulness that Messrs. Hovey and Brainerd, the artists, have sold quite a number of copies and have unfilled orders on hand. Probably every member of the advanced class, and others, too, will ultimately secure a copy as a memento of school days.

The Institution was just one year old on the 22d, and it was proposed to observe the anniversary appropriately, but the previous absence of Prof. Johnson and his late return caused the plan to fall through. As an Institution, its progress has been unprecedented for the first year, and its future is assured so far as anything can be in this uncertain world of ours.

Although it is still three months to vacation, our pupils are beginning to count the weeks which intervene between them and—home. This anticipation may serve to help the time along with the pupils; but as for the professors and the rest of the force, their hands are so full there is so much to occupy their attention that time seems to fly much too rapidly for the proper performance of everything.

Some weeks ago, we had a few days of mild, balmy weather, and robins put in an appearance, although the snow had not depated. "Hail, gentle spring" was the sentiment among us. But there came another snow storm, succeeded by cold days. The robins disappeared, except one, whom a local paper reports as having been seen sitting on a board fence spelling out a rough mixture advertisement. But I will "shut up."

OCCASIONAL

Decalomanie.

This is a name of a comparatively new art that is attracting considerable attention at the present time. It consists in transferring pictures which have been printed upon paper in high and beautiful colors to any object one may wish to ornament, such as fans, work boxes, vases, flowerpots, articles of furniture, &c. When transferred these pictures look as if painted upon the article ornamented, and they are much more attractive and beautiful than they would be if painted with a brush, unless excelled by a very skillful artist; indeed this beautiful art offers a complete substitute for the process of hand painting for most purposes. The pictures embrace a great variety of subjects, such as heads, landscapes, animals, insects, flowers, comic figures, &c. The art is easily acquired, and children even soon become experts. Transferring these pictures is a charming pastime for old and young, and serves to cultivate a taste for the beautiful. We have received from J. L. Patten & Co., 162 William Street, New York, who are dealers in transfer pictures, some handsome samples of their goods. These gentlemen will, for the small sum of ten cents, send full instructions in this beautiful art, together with ten handsome samples of the pictures, or for fifty cents they will send one hundred attractive pictures.

21-2

The following are the delegates and alternates from the 24th Congressional District (Oswego and Madison): Delegates, Hon. John C. Churchill, E. R. Wendall; alternates, George M. Case, Garnet A. Forbes.

PARISH.

Mr. C. S. Wightman has gone to Council Bluffs, Iowa, to reside. Deleven Brockway is in Minnesota prospecting.

Warren Brown is appointed constable in place of Hosea Pickens, resigned. By some hocus-pocus five constables were elected in this town at the last town meeting, all residing in the village, making a standing army of only two less than the standing army of the ancient republic of San Marino. Outsiders of the village being such good people, they did not need any constable. We now expect that the village, with five constables, one deputy sheriff, two squires, two lawyers, and a school trustee, will be a bright example to all future generations. Your humble correspondent is an outsider.

Money is very much needed in these diggings. We go for inflation and expansion. The idea of specie payments is a humbug, and always has been. There is no more redeeming power in gold and silver than in greenbacks, neither are they any more money. There is no one of our gold dollars to England, we have got to sell it as a commodity to get their money to use there. It is high time that the masses of the people should rid themselves of the false theories in regard to money as promulgated by old bullionists and speculators.

We notice that the School Commissioners are about to take their semi-annual rounds in examining and licensing school teachers. There is one thing that the people should insist of the Commissioners, viz: they should require of the teachers to be licensed, a general knowledge of the leading events of the times, as gathered from newspapers, conversation and observation. The Code of Public Instruction requires that teachers should have this knowledge. Suppose that the President of the United States should die during the term of school, the teacher should be able to illustrate his noble traits of character and leading events of his life, and thus remind the pupils of the

"Lives of great men all remind us We may make our lives sublime; And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time."

There are two fallacies quite prevalent in school districts. First, if the teacher must fail, he had better fail on education than government. We hold the failure had better be on government. We want correct and thorough education in the school, and if we do not have it the time is spent for nothing. Incorrect education is a great bane. With a teacher of general knowledge and aptness to teach, whose very countenance betokens intelligence, he will so psychologize the scholars as they will be easily controlled. Tyrants may create awe and stillness, but will not develop the mind. Second. Better hire teachers out of than in the district. Our experience has taught us that teachers residing in the district where they teach, have been the most successful. These teachers make the strongest efforts to do well, for they expect to reap hereafter more fully than others the fruits of their efforts. Such teachers do not desire to lose reputation at home, and usually such teachers will teach for less wages than others, and this money will be spent at home. By all means hire your home teachers in preference to others, and thus encourage your own people.

O'DD,

Parish, March 27, 1876.

A Home-made Carpet.

An Eastern lady says: Have any of you a spare bedchamber seldom used, which you would like to carpet at little expense? Go to the paper-hanger's store, and select a paper looking as much like a carpet as you can find. Having taken it home, first paper the floor of your bedroom with brown paper or newspapers, then put down your wall paper. A good way to do this will be to put a good coat of paste upon the width of the roll of paper and the length of the room, and then lay the paper down, unrolling and smoothing at the same time. When the floor is all covered, then size and varnish, only dark glue and common furniture varnish may be used, and the floor will look all the better for the darkening these will give it. When it is dry, put down a few rugs by the bedside and before the toilet table, and you have as pretty a carpet as you could wish. A carpet, too, that will last for years, if not subject to too constant wear, and at a trifling expense. I myself used a room one entire summer prepared in this way—used it constantly; and when the house was sold in the fall, the purchaser asked me to take up the oil-cloth, as he wished to make some alterations which would be sure to beat a hasty retreat, as remonstrances were vain. In the height of the sport, Prof. Seliney, coming through the girls' yard, in which nearly all the latter were engaged in the healthful and exhilarating exercise, suddenly found himself assailed on all sides. The soft, white lumps came in a perfect shower, and with tolerably good aim. The Professor, instead of running, stood his ground manfully against the great odds and fought his fair antagonists with their own weapons until they ceased from exhaustion. Then, with battered hat and a goodly quantity of snow inside of his vest and down his back, he walked away to repair damages. A brother professor and a dozen of the boys stood by and looked on, but were so absorbed in the battle that they forgot to do what they might easily have accomplished—diverted the attention of the girls by a few snowballs, and thus equalized things—a fact of which Prof. S. did not fail to take notice and comment upon.

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Minor Topics.

A single vessel left Mobile a few days ago en route to Liverpool with 6,237 bales of cotton worth \$411,405.

A Boston journal says that New York spends \$2,000,000 a year for flowers alone, and for plants and fruits \$3,000,000 more.

Several years ago the Berlin Museum paid \$24,000 for what were supposed to be Moabite antiquities. It has just been discovered that they are not genuine.

Two railway carriages have been built in Brussels at a cost of \$40,000 for the use of Queen Victoria during her travels on the Continent.

A statistical genius estimates the cost of fences in the United States at \$2,300,000,000, and their annual repair, depreciation, and interest on first cost at \$400,000,000.

A monument to the late Vice-President Wilson by the regular army is proposed. Company D. 16th Infantry, stationed at Humboldt, Tenn., has raised \$50 for the purpose.

A boiling lake, two miles in circumference, has been found in the island of Dominica. It is on the top of a wooded mountain, and is 2,500 feet above the level of the sea.

Sir George Elliott, who purchased the Egyptian railways for English capitalists, commenced life as a pit boy in the mines. He is now the largest coal proprietor in the world, and a member of Parliament,

Columbus, Ga., claims the position of the Lowell of the South. She is now running 35,000 spindles and 1,000 looms, beside many iron and other industrial enterprises. The city was destroyed in 1865, and all these have been replaced with Southern money.

English shipbuilder have just completed several ironclad gunboats for the Argentine Republic. They are of the most powerful class, draw only eight feet of water, are fitted with twin screws, and have a speed of about ten knots an hour. Each carries a 26-ton 11-inch rifled gun, which is loaded by hydraulic machinery.

Mr. James Lick, of San Francisco, who gave the funds for a monument to Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star-Spangled Banner," has been petitioned by the citizens of that city to have the corner-stone laid and a model of the principal statue unveiled on the Centennial Fourth of July.

Capt. Eads has made application for the first payment on his work at the mouth of the Mississippi, which was to become due when there was 20 feet of water on the bar. This depth he believes will be reached in a few days, and the full depth of 30 feet will be secured by the latter part of next Summer.

Hereafter every Israelite who can produce a certificate that he has been educated at any school whatever, is to be accorded the right to select a domicile anywhere throughout the Russian empire. Several scholars have died, and more are now down with the disease.

A gold medal valued at \$200 has been prepared for presentation to the New York Seventh regiment by ex-members of the regiment in San Francisco, to be competed for by members of the regiment as a prize for marksmanship. It will be forwarded in a few days.

The survivors of the emigrant ship Strathmore, which was wrecked in the South Pacific on the 1st of July last, lived upon the rocks for six months, subsisting upon sea-birds and their eggs.

The Supreme Court Monday decided in the Kentucky election case that the Federal Election law, under which certain white parties were indicted for interfering with the exercise of suffrage of colored voters is unconstitutional and void.

The German revenues for 1875 exceed the expenditures by 4,000,000 thalers.

The Midland Railroad Company is now constructing sleeping cars at the shops in Norwich, which are intended to supply the wants of the people along the line who will visit the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. It is proposed to furnish the cars to parties from any town or city on the line of the road for a fixed price per coach per round trip, remaining three days on the Centennial grounds.

Kim's Last Whipping

There was once a wretched little unpainted school house that stood in a sand-bank all summer, and in a snow-bank all winter, waiting for a strong north wind to blow it over.

"Say, what will you sell that school house for?" asked a traveler of a little boy, who stood on one foot on a rickety door step.

"For a bunch of matches," answered the little boy as quick as thought.

The man laughed and rode on. The boy was Kimball Price, the rogue of the town of Skoodac district number three, and a try-patient of all his teachers. He was a "handsome lad, ten years old. I do not mean that he was always ten; but that was his age when Miss Pentecost whipped him, and that is where our story begins.

Now, Miss Pentecost taught the school that summer at district number three. She liked Kim—everybody liked him; but that was no reason why he should be allowed to tie the girls together by the hair—they wore long braids in those days—or fire paper-balls, or eat choke cherries, or stick pins in the banches to make the A B C scholars cry "O!" when they were not saying their letters. Miss Pentecost never winked at their nightmares; and as whippings were fashionable at that period, she whipped Kim regularly three times a week. It was considered the most direct way of reaching his conscience.

But Kim could never remember a whipping more than a day and a half, or at the longest, three days, and Miss Pentecost began to grow discontented. Must Kim always go on doing mischief, and neglecting his lesson—a boy who could learn so well if he chose?"

She knew his mother—a poor widow, with a large family of children—and she was sure Mrs. Price could not afford to send Kim to school merely to play. "What can I say or do to make an impression on that child?" thought Miss Pentecost, one day, as she tied the strings of her gingham "log cabin" under her chin, and stepped out of the school house.

Just then she caught these words spoken by Kim with great energy, and a flourish of fists:

"Tell you it's true, Bob Whiting, for mother said so; and if mother says it's so, it's so if it ain't so!"

Miss Pentecost laughed all to herself, and passed on through the sand bank into the dusty road. When she had gone as far as the big willow, she paused a little and laughed again.

"I like to hear a boy talk so about his mother, even if it is nonsense. Kim is an affectionate little fellow, and I shouldn't wonder if he is a pretty good son. Anyway, I've got an idea, and I mean to try it, and see how it will work."

Next day was the time for one of Kim's regular whippings. He had been more trying than usual, and Miss Pentecost sent Job Whiting out for a remarkably strong birch stick, which could express her feelings better than the old, which stood in the corner. She spent some time in trimming the new twig, though she was careful to leave a few little knots on it, which would give emphasis to the blows.

"I don't think I ever saw a better birch stick," said she, looking at it admiringly.

"Now, Kimball, you may take off your jacket."

He was so used to taking it off that he always kept half the buttons unfastened to save time.

Miss Pentecost gave him an unusually hard whipping, and after it he cried till he could hardly see out of his eyes. He thought that was enough, and it was what the boys call a "square thing," but at night, as he was running out of the school house, whistling, Miss Pentecost called him up to her desk.

"Well, Kimball, I've whipped you hard to-day—very hard."

Kim thought there was no doubt about that.

"Yes'm," responded he, meekly.

"Look at this stick. Didn't I take pains to get a good one?"

"Yes'm," said Kim; but he did not gaze at the stick as if he loved it.

"Do you know, Kimball, it's very hard work to whip you! It lames my arm, and it hurts my feelings. Really, I can't afford to do it day after day for nothing."

Kim looked up with surprise. This was a new view of the matter.

"You understand me, Kimball? I can't afford to do it for nothing any more. There's not another boy in school I've whipped so often as you; and this time I must be paid for it. Don't you think that's fair?"

"Yes'm," said Kim, in intense amazement, his eyes as black and shining as watermelon seeds.

"Well, Kimball, I think it's worth at least twenty-five cents; and I don't want you to come to school to-morrow without you bring me the money. Tell your mother about it, and tell her if you don't bring it, I shall have to send you home for it. Good night, Kimball, and remember what I say."

"Yes'm."

"What did she do to you this time?" asked Jos Fuller, who had been waiting outside.

"O, go long; she didn't do anything to me," replied Kim, sheepishly. "Come, let's go down to the pond and catch blood-suckers."

Next morning, about school time, Kim stole along into the shed kitchen, and hung about the cheese tub, where his mother was cutting curd.

"Why don't you start for school—You'll be late, my son."

"The mistress whipped me yesterday," muttered Kim, helping himself to a lump of curd.

"Did she? Well, I've no doubt you deserved it. There, run along, and see if you can't be a better boy to-day."

"But mother—"

"Well, what?"

"Well, you see, the mistress—"

"Well, speak it out, sonny. I'm in a hurry."

"Why, you see, mother, the mistress wants twenty-five cents for whipping me."

"Twenty-five cents?"

"She says it lamed her arm," said Kim, hanging his head. "She says she can't do it for nothing, and if I don't bring it she'll have to send me home."

Mrs. Price looked down at the curly-haired culprit with a twinkle of fun in her eyes—she had black eyes very much like Kim's.

"Well, sonny, go get my purse out of the end cupboard. If I am poor it shan't be said that I don't do all I can for my children's education."

Kim brought the purse—a red worsted one, with steel rings.

"Yes, here is a silver quarter, with the pillars on it. We are out of gingerbread, and I was going to spend it for molasses, but never mind, I don't blame Miss Pentecost. I know it was hard work to whip you, and she deserves the money."

"Thank you, Kimball," said Miss Pentecost, in a low voice, when she received the bright new quarter. "Didn't your mother think I deserved it?"

"Yes'm," replied the boy, his chin sinking into the hollow place in his neck.

"I thought she would. Well, now, my dear, I shall carry this quarter home and keep it; and next time I whip you, you must bring me another. Do you understand?"

Kim scowled down at his little bare toes, and tried to stick them into a crack in the floor. Why, this was getting serious. Would the woman keep on crying "quarters" forever? It was perfectly ruinous. His mother had all she could do to support the family before; but what would become of them now?

"You may take your seat," added Miss Pentecost, still in a low tone, so that no one could hear, but with a smile that exasperated poor Kim. "It is dreadful that you will be naughty; but then, you see, the more I whip you the more money I shall get; and perhaps before the summer is out, I shall have enough to buy a new dress."

"No, you don't," thought Kim, shutting his teeth together. "Catch me letting my mother buy a new dress for you! Why, we've got to go without gingerbread to-day. You don't get another chance to whip me for one while, ma'am—now, you see?"

To avoid a whipping it was necessary to study, for Kim was a boy that must be apt at something. He saw Bob Whiting go to sleep, and longed to drop a tame cherry into his mouth. He saw Joe Fuller sauntering down the aisle, straight before him, and it was the "cutest chance" to trip him up. But Kim resisted all these allurements and fifty more and he got his geography lesson so well that Miss Pentecost patted him on the head, and said, "That's my good boy"—which would have been delightful if he could have forgotten that gingerbread!

Next day he tried studying again, and rose to the head of his spelling class.

"Why, I haven't had a whipping since Tuesday," thought he, Saturday noon, as he ran home with the silver medal on his neck.

After that he seemed somehow to fall into the habit of studying. Study is a habit, let me tell you, just as much as playing, though I suppose it is rather harder to acquire.

The little fellow's will was aroused, and that was precisely what he needed.

In short, Kim had had his last whipping from Miss Pentecost or anybody else, and instead of being the most troublesome boy, he became the best scholar in school.

"I sha'n't be able to buy that dress after all," said she the night before she left Shoodac; "but, Kim, dear, I know you are glad."

"Yes'm," replied Kim, meeting her with a smile.

"And I'll keep the quarter to remember you by. Your mother says she wishes me too."

"Yes'm."

Kimball Price is now one of the wealthiest and most respected men in his native State.

"And that man," said Squire Hathaway, the other day, in his fourth of July oration, "was educated over here at Skoodac, boys, in that little, black school house, that is so poor and miserable, that when it took fire a few years ago it wouldn't burn down."

Mr. Kimball Price returned from Europe last May with his wife, and I heard Mrs. Hathaway say—she was once Miss Pentecost—that she thought her last whipping made a man of him.

"He wanted that old quarter of a dollar," said Mrs. Hathaway, laughing; "but I couldn't bear to part with it, so he cut it in two, and we've each of us got half."

The Burning of Moscow.

The burning of Moscow, in 1812, is one of the most noted conflagrations on record, not only on account of its magnitude, but for its historical importance.

The French entered the city September 14th, Napoleon proposing to make it his winter quarters, on that very day several fires broke out but little attention was paid to them by the invading army until the next two days, when they had acquired great headway. On the 17th a high wind arose, and the flames spread rapidly in every direction; by the 18th the whole city appeared a sea of flame, and by the evening of the 20th, nine-tenths of it was reduced to ashes. The total number of buildings destroyed is stated at between 13,000 and 15,000.

The Russians at the time in order to castodium on the French, attributed this conflagration to the orders of Napoleon. It is now, however, generally acknowledged that the fires were the work of the Russians themselves, and that they were

kindled by the orders of the governor, Rostopchin, acting beyond all doubt under the sanction of the Emperor Alexander, without which it is hardly conceivable that the governor would have ventured such a step. The object was to deprive the French army of shelter from the winter. Ample precaution had been taken to ensure the destruction of the city. Inflammable materials were placed in deserted mansions in every quarter, and the torch was applied simultaneously all over the city. In burning the French out of their proposed winter quarters, no provision had been made for the safety of the inhabitants, who were driven to seek shelter in the surrounding woods; and it is affirmed that more than 20,000 sick and wounded perished in the flames.

The direct loss to the French is put down at 40,000; and beyond this it involved the retreat in the dead of winter, and the almost complete annihilation of the great French army. This act which the Russians at the time repudiated, is now considered by them as their highest glory, the great example in history of national self-sacrifice for the destruction of an invader.

The Old Boston Elm.

There was a very strong attachment to the old elm; or the "big tree on the Common," as it was once familiarly known. The news of the total destruction will cause feelings of deepest regret to thousands now scattered abroad, who remember it in its prime and grew up beneath its shade. A literary gentleman who lived in Europe many years, on his return to Boston walked from the depot to the Common and saluted the majestic monarch in recognition of his renewed allegiance to "the hub." There is no other tree standing in Boston which is historic, and even the places where some trees stood as silent witnesses of great deeds are forgotten. This old elm was known as the "Liberty Tree." The original Liberty Tree stood near the corner of Essex and Washington streets, and the site is now occupied by "The Liberty Tree Block," built by the late David Sears. This tree was dedicated by the Sons of Liberty on the 14th of August, 1765. The tree was felled by the British during the last week in August, 1775, and at that time it was 119 years old. It was cut up and made fourteen cords of wood. The old elm on the Common was known as the Liberty Tree in 1784. It was no doubt about the same age as its distinguished contemporary, which was selected for Liberty honors on account of its more central location. This would make the old elm on the Common two hundred and twenty years old at the date of its overthrow. When the foundations for the present block were laid some twenty-five years since, roots of the Liberty Tree were found, and are still retained as mementos.

The trunk of the old tree which fell on this Centennial year should be sent to Philadelphia, and there used as a rostrum for the use of the orators, and we hope the city will mark its site by some monument, or perhaps a fountain with appropriate commemorative inscriptions would be appropriate.—Boston Journal.

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